

John Bright's Portrait for Chicago.
George Jacob Holyoke, in a letter to a friend, just before starting for America, wrote: "I am taking with me a full-length, nearly life-size, autotype portrait of Mr. Bright, which I have had framed. It was done for the use of a sculptor who has made, or is to make, a marble statue of Mr. Bright for Birmingham. The expression of the face is finer than that of Millais' painting, as it has the compressed lip and defiant look peculiar to the orator when the cry goes forth in the corridors of the house, 'Bright is up.' It is not possible to reproduce it, as time has changed the countenance. I wonder how he came to put on the expression as he dislikes sitting. The same expression has never appeared in any other picture. I told Mr. Bright I was going to take it. He said the Americans would never see him. 'Therefore,' I answered, 'they will the more eagerly see you in this, and as though they were here.' My intention is to present it to my friend Mr. James Carlton, of the Chicago and Alton railroad, who will, I hope, give the citizens of Chicago, and perhaps other places, an opportunity of looking at it. The autotype is by Mayall, formerly of Philadelphia."

Eat Your Breakfast First.
Dr. Hall is authority for the following thoughts upon breakfasting before much exercise in the open air, particularly in districts where fever and ague are abundant: Breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for exercise or labor of any description; those who do it will be able to perform more work and with greater alacrity than those who work an hour or two before breakfast. Beside this, the average duration of life of those who take breakfast before exercise or work will be a number of years greater than those who do otherwise. Most persons begin to feel weak after having been engaged five or six hours in their ordinary avocations; a good meal reinvigorates; but from the last meal of the day until the next morning there is an interval of some twelve hours; hence the body in a sense is weak, and in proportion cannot resist deleterious agencies, whether of the fierce cold of mid-winter or of the poisonous miasm which rests upon the surface of the earth wherever the sun shines on a blade of vegetation or a heap of offal. The miasm is more solid, more concentrated, and hence more malignant, about sunrise and sunset than any other hour of the twenty-four, because the cold of the night condenses it, and it is on the first few inches above the soil in its most solid form; but as the sun rises, it warms and expands and ascends to a point high enough to be breathed, and being taken into the lungs and swallowed with the saliva into the stomach, all weak and empty as it is, it is greedily drunk in, thrown immediately into the circulation of the blood, and carried to every part of the body, depositing its poisonous influence at the very fountain head of life. If early breakfast were taken in regions where chills and fever and ague prevail, and if, in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room for an hour, including sunrise and sunset, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year, not ten fold, but a thousand fold, because the heat of the fire would rarely the miasmatic air instantly and send it above the breathing point. But it is "troublesome" to be building fires night and morning all summer; it being no "trouble," requiring no effort, to shiver and shake by the hour, week and month together.

A Torpedo Launch.
There are many interesting phases of life at Newport (writes a correspondent) upon which one may hope to find time to touch, but the diversified "happening things" of this week rightly claim present attention. Monday dawned clear and bright after a hot Sunday, showed the New York yacht squadron in the harbor, and promised a most interesting exhibition in the afternoon at the torpedo station, to which Captain Selfridge (an old Boston boy) had bidden a number of his friends, including, besides a large delegation from the aforesaid yachts, Chief Justice Waite and Mr. Justice Blatchford, of the supreme court, ex-Gov. Morgan, and a number of others. After a salute of seventeen torpedoes had been successfully fired, we had an opportunity of witnessing the most wonderful performance of the torpedo launch invented by Lieut. McLean, U. S. N., of which it seems to me that far too little notice has thus far been taken. Suppose we wish to attack a certain port, and the entrance to its harbor is thickly sown with the most deadly of modern fixed torpedoes. Naturally we wish to destroy those torpedoes, or at least break all the connections with them. Well, alongside a vessel a mile away from the objective point lies a harmless-looking little launch without a soul on board; and on the deck of said vessel stand two naval officers, one of them with his fingers on the keys of just such a little box as the late Jim Fisk used to call the heads of the departments of the Erie railway. "Go ahead," says the officer, looking through his glass. His comrade depresses the index finger, and the launch starts straight to its destination. "Starboard a little!" Down goes his forefinger. "Starboard it," and, like a thing of life, the boat turns. "Steady! Port a little!" and again it obeys. This is not the Alaska, but it is making good time, and coming up to the line of torpedoes. Of course the enemy is firing at it, but it is a small object, and there are no lives to risk. "Stop her. Let go!" The finger is again on the button, and then there is one more command. "Fire!" There is a tremendous explosion, a volume of water rises into the air and the road is open, and the admiral can make the signal for the advance. Something like this happened on Monday, on a reduced scale. There was no enemy to speak of, and everybody was so friendly that none could be improvised, but I do not see why this wonderful launch should not be in real war just as well as it did at Goat Island. Where the necromancy comes in is the handling of all the machinery by a single wire.

An Auburn man is the owner of the original "grandfather's clock." It was made when the city was known as Hardenburg's Corners, some seventy-five years ago, and cost \$150.

Electricity in War.
The use of the electric light in warfare seems not as yet to be thoroughly perfected. An experiment was made with it the other night by the Superb, now lying off Ramleh, but in the cautious language of the *Times* correspondent, whether it was an advantage or otherwise is an open question. Inasmuch as the officer in charge of the picket, whose duties it was supposed to assist, complained that it was generally on his own men that the light was thrown, while all around them was wrapped in a more than Egyptian darkness, it seems rather as though on that occasion, at least, it was very much otherwise. Indeed, one feels inclined to say of it much what Sam Weller said of the dark lantern with which Mr. Pickwick proposed to guard from discovery the midnight loves of Mr. Winkle and Miss Allen—"werry nice things, if they're managed properly; but when you don't want to be seen, I think they are more useful arter the candle's gone out than when it's alight."

The Seven Riddles of the World.
Prof. Du Bois-Reymond is one of the most prominent members of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. When he delivers his popular lectures there is not a lecture-room in Berlin large enough to accommodate his hearers. He is far from being a theist; still less is he a Christian. In an address delivered by him on "The Limits of Natural Science," he propounded what he called "The Seven Riddles of the World"—riddles which have never been explained, and the majority of which never can be by mechanical laws.

The first riddle is the nature and essence of matter and force.
The second is the origin of motion.
The origin of life is the third.
The fourth is the apparent design of nature.
The fifth is the origin of consciousness.
The sixth is the origin of national thought and language.
The last is the freedom of the will.

Of this Du Bois-Reymond says: "Our seventh difficulty is none if one resolves to deny the freedom of the will and to declare the subjective conviction of freedom as an illusion; otherwise it is inexplicable."
A Few Words From the Horse.
Don't beat our sore sides so hard and so often, and we shall be stronger and better servants to you. You know how oppression only makes you set up your back, but you will do anything for a kind master. Don't ride and drive us about till we are ready to drop, and our wind is almost broken, and we are reeking with heat and rough usage. Pray let us have a little more water when we stand, weary and thirsty, with our poor dry tongues, unable to ask for it. You have felt the suffering of thirst. "And for pity's sake," the horse would say, "loosen this torturing bearing-rein; we toss and shake our heads, or we try to keep them still, and nothing gives us a moment's ease. You, master, would suffer severely if your head were held in such a position, and we could do more work and much better without it. Please remember that we can always hear your voice, and shall understand what you want us to do so much more quickly if you speak to us quietly, than if you roar at us, and drag our tender, worn mouths about. We get so puzzled and frightened when you are in a rage with us, that we only flounder and plunge, and make you more and more angry. Our last entreaty is, that when we get old and past our work, you will not let our poor, wasted bodies stagger along under some load, when our lives have been spent in your service, but that you will reward us by having us immediately put out of our pain."

A Famous Relic.
Everybody knows under what circumstances Henry IV. was assassinated by Vavallan. The assassin, passing his arm through the window of the coach, struck the monarch two blows with a knife, the latter of which pierced his heart. While still brandishing the knife he was arrested by the orders of the Duc d'Epemon, the knife being wrenched from his hand by Pietro de Malaghi-no, an Italian attached to his suite, who afterward declared he had dropped the weapon in the crowd. It would appear, however, that Malaghi-no, who was a great amateur of curiosities, kept his historical relic until his death, when he left it to his descendants. It is difficult to say how it came into possession of Maurice de Saxe afterward; but certain it is that a month before his death the marshal made it a present to his physician, Senac. Senac bequeathed it to his son, M. Senac de Meilhan, who presented it to the Marquis de Cregui, at whose death it became the property of the Baron de Blacheford, her cousin, when it was again lost sight of for nearly sixty years, until it turned up the other day in the bureau of the commissary of police in the Quartier Latin, being then owned by a student whose father had been steward to the Raimboval family. This student had been for some time in the greatest poverty, and had been heard to say that life was becoming a burden to him. The other morning he found himself absolutely penniless, a prey to hallucination that the knife had brought him ill luck. Determined to put an end to his existence, he plunged it into his breast. Fortunately it was too rusty, blunt and hacked about to do much harm, and the unhappy youth only succeeded in inflicting a wound from the effects of which he will be cured in a fortnight. Ever since the story became known the bureau of the commissary has been visited by a number of collectors, each of whom has been until now under the impression that he was the sole possessor of the actual knife with which Henry IV. was slain.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

on your escentonea; a rent in your garment; a death's head at your banquet; Agathocles' pot; a Mordecai at your gate; a Lazarus at your door; a lion in your path; a frog in your chamber; a fly in your ointment; a mote in your eye; a triumph to your enemy; an apology to your friends; the one thing not needful; the hail in harvest; the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet." This paragraph is going the rounds and credited to the *London Society*. Oh, shades of the departed Charles Lamb!

The Washington Monument.
Progress of the Work.—The Signal Office Station. The white, tall, plain shaft of the Washington monument is foot by foot daily rising skyward, and its completion, in due course of time, is now assured, says the *Washington Post*. It is already a landmark visible from any part of Washington, and the inhabitants, after a generation of ridicule, are beginning to be proud of it. Apart from its unique character as an architectural wonder, modern science proposes to utilize it for the public benefit. The signal office expects to have a permanent station at its summit, and its officers say that observations of the air and atmospheric movements taken at an altitude of 550 feet will be of great value. Observations are taken, of course, at far greater altitudes than this, but the gradual slope of even the most precipitous mountains and the presence of large masses of rock near the observatory create surface currents, even on mountain heights, and interfere with the study of phenomena of the higher levels of the atmosphere. It has often been proposed to institute a series of experiments by means of captive balloons, but the expense of such work prevented the plans being carried out. At the time of the centennial it was proposed to erect a skeleton tower to the height of 1,000 feet in Fairmount park. Had this been done the signal officers would have utilized the observatory for the benefit of meteorological science, but the tower stopped at 300 feet. The signal officers say it would not be impracticable to build a tower 1,000 feet high or even higher, and that the erection of such a tower would be of great service. The monument is now 290 feet high. The original design contemplated a height of 500 feet, but at a meeting of the commissioners two years ago, when it was decided to resume work, it was voted to make the monument the loftiest artificial structure in the world. The commissioners examined the heights of all the noted monuments, towers, pagodas, spires, buildings, and flag-poles, and found that to safely distance all rivalry a height of 550 feet would be necessary. It was therefore determined to complete the shafts on this plan, and the drawings were modified to that end. What was the surprise and gratification of the commissioners to find subsequently that the new proportions of the shaft as now adopted were exactly those of an Egyptian obelisk.

Etiquette of Letter Writing.
As a rule every letter, unless insulting in its character, requires an answer. To neglect to answer a letter when written to, is as uncivil as to neglect to reply when spoken to.
In the reply, acknowledge first the receipt of the letter, mentioning its date, and afterward consider all the points requiring attention.

If the letter is to be very brief, commence sufficiently far from the top of the page to give a nearly equal amount of blank paper at the bottom of the sheet when the letter is ended.

Should the matter in the letter continue beyond the first page, it is well to commence a little above the middle of the sheet, extending as far as necessary on the other page.
It is thought impolite to use a half sheet of paper in formal letters. As a matter of economy and convenience for business purposes, however, it is customary to have the card of the business man printed at the top of the sheet, and a single leaf is used.

In writing a letter the answer to which is of more benefit to yourself than the person to whom you write, enclose a postage stamp for the reply.

Letters should be as free from erasures, interlinations, blot and postscripts as possible. It is decidedly better to copy the letter than to have these appear.

A letter of introduction or recommendation should never be sealed, as the bearer to whom it is given ought to know the contents.

BUSINESS LETTERS.

1. In letters of business use as few words as possible.
2. Business letters should be promptly answered.
3. Use a clear, distinct writing, avoiding all flourish of penmanship or language.
4. Come at once to your subject, and state it so clearly that it will not be necessary to guess your meaning.
5. Give town, county, State and date explicitly. It is frequently of great importance to know when a letter was written.
6. Read your letter carefully when finished, to see that you have made no omissions and no mistakes. Also carefully examine your envelope, to see that it is rightly directed, with postage stamp affixed.
7. Copy all business letters, of your own, by hand, or with the copying press made for the purpose.
8. Send money by draft, post-office order, or express, always stating in the letter the amount, and by what means sent. Thus you have something to show for the money, guaranteeing you against loss.
9. Write date and from whom received across the end of each letter, and file for future reference, fastening the letters together with rubber bands, or binding in a letter-file adapted to the purpose. The possession of a letter sometimes prevents litigation and serious misunderstanding.

In ordering goods state very explicitly the amount, kind, quality, color, shape, size, etc., and on what terms wanted. Whether you wish the same sent by freight or express, and what express. Much inconvenience is experienced by business men because of a neglect to designate explicitly what is wanted.
Should the writer wish to make suggestions, ask questions, or add another matter to the letter, which is foreign to the subject, such words should be placed entirely separate from the order. Of fifty or a hundred letters received today, by the merchant, that one which is mixed up with complaints, inquiries, etc., will probably be laid over till tomorrow, or until such time can be gained as will enable the merchant to read it through. Had the order been explicitly stated, and the suggestions placed elsewhere, the goods would have been forwarded immediately.

How He Lost The Wager.
Acting vice-presidents sometimes lose a bet as well as ordinary individuals, and a striking instance of this occurred recently in the United States senate, according to the special correspondence of the *Atlanta Constitution*. During the debate on the Japanese indemnity bill a southern senator made a bet of wine with the genial David Davis that Senator Call, who had submitted some brief remarks on the bill four times before, would speak yet again. It is said that Senator Davis revolved the thing over in his mind in that careful manner which has characterized his entire life and concluded to accept the wager, but, alas for his delusion regarding Mr. Call's physical inability to resume his argument, for all at once he popped up and spoke for over an hour upon the bill. The southern senator with whom the wager was made whistled for a page, who took a missive to the president pro tempore that he "would take Hockheimer in his." This would illustrate the fact that a man can bet with as much satisfaction on mental phenomena in the senate as on chickens in a cocking main.

Solacing A Jilted Lover.
Quite a romance in real life was enacted a few days ago, wherein a Dover gentleman figured as the hero. This young man according to the *State Journal*, has been paying attention to a young miss in the lower part of the state, which soon ripened into an engagement of marriage. The day was set, and the eager groom passed the intervening time in feverish expectancy. Finally the long-looked-for moment arrived, he donned his best bib-and-tucker and hid himself to the residence of his fair innamorata. His face was wreathed in smiles as he boldly entered the gate and rapped at the door which separated him from all that was dear to him in life. The door opened; he entered, inquired for his love, and what was his astonishment to find that she had been married six weeks before to another man. Filled with rage he rushed to the new home of the faithless maiden and demanded an explanation. After a season the young lady succeeded in quieting his passion, and in order to ease him down as gently as possible, permitted him to escort her to church that evening, which he did. Feeling that she had ruthlessly destroyed his peace and happiness, she puzzled her brain to find some way by which she could make reparation, and finally took off her ring and gave him as a souvenir of the episode. The father, wishing to do his part also, presented the young man with a pair of little goslings, but which were too small to be removed from the mother goose; so he left them behind, and slowly and sadly wended his way back to Dover, swearing vengeance upon all womankind.

Domestic Recipes.
President's Pudding.—Cut some slices of stale bread and dip each one in a custard made thus: Beat up one egg with a wine-glass full of milk and one-half ounce of powdered sugar, fry the bread quickly in butter, pile on a dish with layers of jam between the slices, pour a thin boiled custard over and sift some sugar, then serve.
Queen's Pudding.—One pint of fine sifted bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg; bake until done (but do not allow it to become watery), and spread with a layer of jelly. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with five tablespoonfuls of sugar and juice of one lemon, spread on the top, and brown lightly. This is good cold, served with rich cream.
Pyramid Pound Cake.—One pound of white pulverized sugar, one pound of butter, one of flour, and ten eggs; bake in a dripping-pan one inch in thickness; cut when cold into pieces three and a half inches long by two wide, and frost tops and sides; form on the cake-stand in pyramid before the icing is quite dry by laying first in a circle five pieces with some space between them; over the spaces between these lay five other pieces, gradually drawing in the column, and crowning the top with a bouquet of flowers.

Light Paste for Tarts and Cheese-cakes.—Beat the white of an egg to a strong froth; then mix it with as much water as will make three-quarters of a pound of fine flour into a stiff paste; roll it very thin, then lay the third part of half-pound of butter upon it in little bits, dredge it with some flour left out at first, and roll it up tight. Roll it out again, and put in the same proportion of butter; and so proceed till all is worked up.
A Nice Tomato Dish.—One of the nicest and simplest ways of dressing tomatoes is to cut them in halves, lay them in a baking-dish, cover each piece with some bread crumbs, a little pepper and salt, and some finely-chopped parsley, pour a little oil over, and bake in a good oven.

Macaroni with Tomatoes.—Take a quantity of tomatoes, cut them up, and remove from each the pipe and watery substance it contains; put them into a saucepan, with a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, a bay leaf and some thyme; add a few spoonfuls of either stock or gravy; keep stirring on the fire until they are reduced to a pulp, pass them through a hair-sieve, and dress the macaroni with this sauce and plenty of Parmesan cheese freshly grated.
Storing Ice in Feather Pillows.—If you want to keep a lump of ice in warm weather, and have no cool place to put it, throw it into a stone pot, well covered, and put a couple of feather pillows securely fastened around the pot. It will last as long as should last, in this way, for two or three days. Feathers are a non-conductor of heat.

Yeast mixed with about one-eighth of pure glycerine will keep well for a long time, if placed in a cool cellar or chamber.
A very simple and efficient remedy for mosquitoes is tincture of Persian powder. If the powder is pure, a few drops of the tincture on the neck and hands will repel the most bloodthirsty mosquito from the thinnest skinned and most persistent of fishermen.

A New York policeman who clubbed a pedestrian sixteen years ago was not forgotten. The two met in Oregon the other day, and this time the tables were turned and the policeman was left for dead.

Is the Largest Clothing House west of New York. They can clothe you and yours for

"HARVEY" CHICAGO

One-third less than your Tailor can at Home.

SEND THEM YOUR ADDRESS FOR SAMPLES, PRICE LIST, CHART OF FASHIONS AND MEASUREMENT INSTRUCTIONS.

Goods sent on approval. They want your trade; will do everything to please you and their large capital and thirty years' experience gives them advantages over stores of ordinary or even large size. No other house compares with

HARVEY, STATE STREET. **CHICAGO.** 84 AND 86

CLEARING OUT SALE!

To make room for

SPRING GOODS!

WARM GOODS

Will be Sold REGARDLESS OF COST, and many other Goods Way Down.

Wishing to Reduce our Stock before the arrival of our Spring Purchases, we shall Sell for the next 60 Days many of our Goods at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Thanking our patrons for past favors, we ask a continuance of the same, while yet there is room for your neighbors.

BREWER & HOWE,

Cor. Opera House Block, Owosso, Mich.

Coal, Coal, Coal!

Having opened a Coal Yard at West Owosso, I am prepared to furnish

BOTH HARD & SOFT COAL

By the car load or in smaller quantities to suit,

AT MARKET PRICES.

I also handle Lime, Cement, Plaster, Calcine Plaster and Hair.

Best Kelly Island Lime \$1.00 per Barrel.

Highest Market Price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

WANTED.—All the Wheat, Oats and Corn I can get.

My stock of Groceries, Notions and Crockery is complete.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL AND SEE ME.

Store, Warehouse and Elevator, first door west J. L. & S. R. R., West Owosso, Mich. S182

E. M. BROOKS.